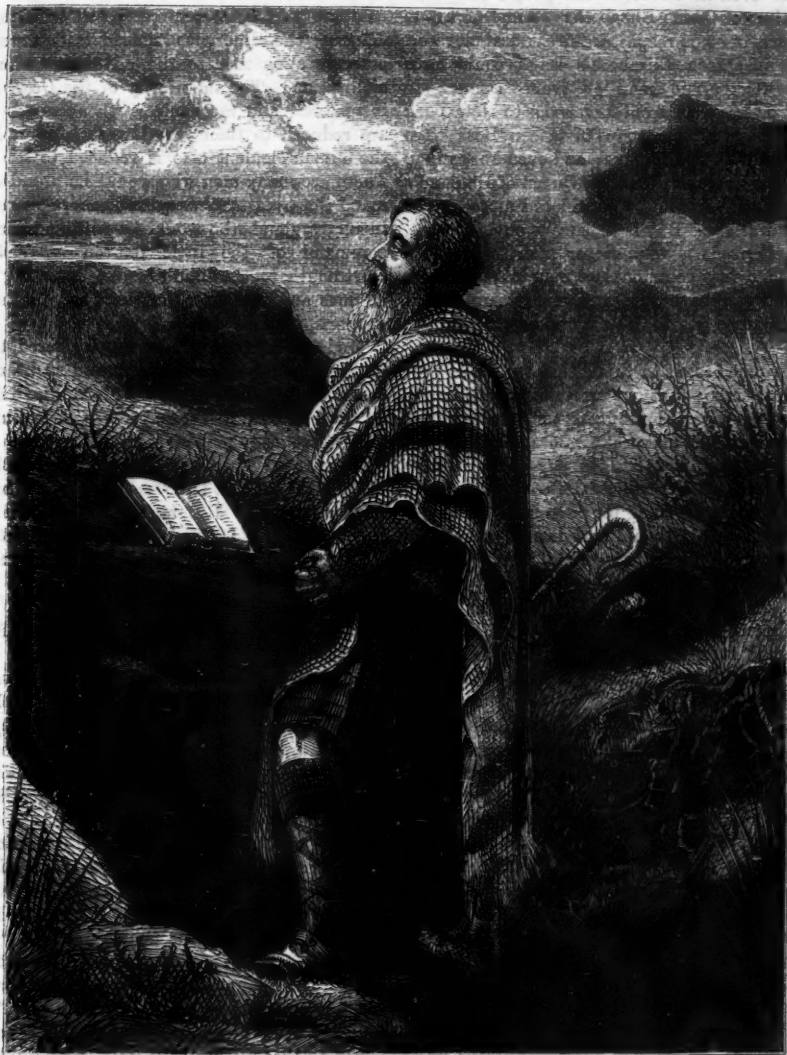


# THE QUIVER

Saturday, June 22, 1867.



(Drawn by R. T. PRITCHETT.)

"And took the Book and bared his head."—See page 630.

## CIVILISATION.

**MR. FROUDE** has just published two volumes of what he calls "Short Studies on Great Subjects." Some of them are lectures, some are review articles, and all of them are exceedingly

interesting—in fact, what we might have expected from so accomplished a writer. They are not only interesting, but they suggest a great many practical questions which it would be better for all of

us to try to answer. Among the rest, they suggest these questions: Are we really any better than our fathers? Is the progress of which we are constantly boasting, a real progress, or only a sham progress? Are we in fact, and on the average, as brave, or even as clever, as the people who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth? Some of us, no doubt, are, in some respects, a great deal cleverer. Nobody in Queen Elizabeth's reign could have sent a telegraphic message from London to Dublin, or travelled from Liverpool to New York in a fortnight. The troops of Queen Bess were not armed with needle-guns; and even her cannon—what the Scotch called the "Queen of England's peacemakers"—would be considered mere toys in modern warfare. But it is surely obvious that, though it needs a very clever man to invent a telegraph, a very commonplace man may work it; and when you have once got your steam-engine, a coward may get to New York as quickly as a hero.

Mr. Froude seems to think that we are a poor degenerate race; that we are not at all brave; and that our boasted progress consists chiefly of a great increase of material comfort. For this he thinks that we have had to pay a very heavy price. So much is done for us that we scarcely know how to do anything for ourselves. If any of us were thrown upon a desert island, we should die of starvation, because we should never be able to light a fire for want of a lucifer match. All our self-reliance, having been rendered unnecessary by the innumerable appliances of mechanical skill, has become starved and dwarfed, like the wings of those birds that never take the trouble to fly.

Perhaps we are better than Mr. Froude thinks we are, but it is most certain that the growth of civilisation is by no means an unmixed good. It may increase the general average of comfort; it may even obliterate the grosser forms of vice; it will unquestionably lessen those cruelties which are loathsome and disgusting: but, on the other hand, it will leave far less room for individual superiority—for the force of personal character. The commerce of England now is probably immeasurably greater than any human being dreamed of in the time of Elizabeth; but where are the great captains that can match her heroic adventurers?

To compare, for instance, the adventurous spirit of our own seamen, and the captains and mariners of Elizabeth's reign. Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from Dartmouth in June, 1583, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45 to 50 degrees north. His fleet consisted of five vessels—it would be ridiculous to call them ships—of which the largest, the *Raleigh*, 200 tons, deserted off the Land's End. Sir Hum-

phrey's own ship, the *Squirrel*, was called "the frigate," and was ten tons. The expedition reached Newfoundland safely, took possession of St. John's, and left a colony there; and then Sir Humphrey himself went exploring southwards along the American coast in his little ten-ton frigate. Now compare this little ten-ton vessel with the *Great Eastern*; the difference indeed is enormous, but scarcely altogether to the advantage of modern civilisation. The superiority of the *Great Eastern* is material and mechanical; the chances of loss are reduced to their very lowest; and, in a word, the human element also is reduced to its lowest. There are many men who would be proud to command the *Great Eastern*: but is there one man left in all England who would be willing to take the command of the little ten-ton *Squirrel* from Dartmouth to St. John's? We have big steam-engines and big ships, but have we, in the same proportion, great men?

Modes of warfare are so much altered, that the difference between a coward and a brave man seems of much less importance, than the difference between an old musket and a breech-loading rifle. But if we did happen to need courage, are we quite sure that we have not got out of the way of it? Of course, it is no use fighting cannon-balls with your fists. But take another of the Elizabethan stories. Is there pluck enough left in all England to do the like of this? "It was a deed," Mr. Froude says, which "dealt a more deadly blow upon the fame and moral strength of the Spanish people than the destruction of the Armada itself."

A small fleet of twelve English ships was surprised, while lying at anchor under the island of Florez, by a Spanish fleet, consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve were able to make their escape. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was, for the moment, unable to follow. She was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford; her crew consisted of 190 men, and ninety of these were sick on shore, and there was some difficulty and delay in getting them on board. Nevertheless, with only 100 men left to fight and work the ship, "Sir Richard," says his cousin Raleigh, "utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her majesty's ship." The fight began at three o'clock in the afternoon and lasted all that night. "At last," says Mr. Froude, following Raleigh's narrative, "all the powder in the *Revenge* was spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight, and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His sur-

goon was killed while attending on him: the masts were lying over the side; the rigging cut or broken, the upper parts all shot in pieces; and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and having by estimation 800 shot of great artillery through him, commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above 10,000 men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many of them as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant and resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

This however, was not to be. The little ship was surrendered; and immediately after the battle a fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada, making in all 140 sail. A great storm arose, and of those 140 only thirty-two were saved. "The *Beverage* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's."

Sailors, however, are always a brave and hardy race, and not even the biggest ship in the world can take the terror and danger out of a storm at sea. But seamanship is now rather a matter of business than of adventure. Men work ships just as other men enlist for soldiers, not for glory but for pay. But in other regions one finds a similar disinclination to anything like an adventurous life. We are so used to innumerable comforts, that even the most moderate self-denial, or the slightest change in our circumstances, is becoming more and more repulsive. Hence it follows that when the spirit of adventure might fairly hope to be strengthened by the very highest motives, or perhaps we should say rather, when the noblest of all works requires for its performance an adventurous spirit, the work cannot get done at all.

This seems to be the reason, though not perhaps the only reason, why it is becoming daily more difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, to obtain missionaries, not only for new fields of labour, but for the superintendence of those which have already been brought under Christian cultivation. All missionary societies are complaining, not so much for want of funds, as for want of men. Such missionaries as Moffat and Living-

stone will always be brilliant exceptions, even when the average of merit is much higher than it is now. But the average itself has been lowered of late years, and still the men are not forthcoming who can reach even that lower standard. The fact is, that the contrast between home life and missionary life is enormously greater than it ever was before; and even the less wealthy of the middle class are every day in the enjoyment of innumerable comforts, which Queen Elizabeth herself would have been unable to purchase with the whole wealth of her kingdom.

Another effect of our modern civilisation, or at any rate of the form which it has assumed, is that mad race after riches which is characteristic of the English and American people, combined with the excessive dislike of coming into personal contact with the miseries and misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. Hence it comes to pass that, while England is the wealthiest country in the world, it is also disgraced by the ghastliest poverty that the world has ever known. Such men as Mr. Froude and Mr. Ruskin seem often inclined to blame even political economy itself as being the cause of so dreadful a mischief. In fact, we can no more escape the laws of political economy, than we can escape the law of gravitation. If a man has only a certain amount of wealth to spend upon labour; if, for instance, he had £10,000 to lay out in wages for a single year, and if 200 workmen applied to him for employment, he might give each of them £50 a year, and employ them all; but, if he fancied that £50 a year was not enough for a working man and his family, he might offer £100 a year to each of those whom he employed; but he could not by any chance divide £10,000 into 200 portions of £100 each. The workmen who got £2 a week would, of course, be delighted with the liberality of their employer; but, in order that they might receive such high wages, half the 200 workmen would get nothing at all.

What is true on this small scale is equally true on a large scale; and so long as the people who want employment are so exceedingly numerous, the amount of remuneration which each of them will receive must necessarily be small. When the effect of civilisation is to produce an enormous amount of wealth, and at the same time to distribute it so unequally that gigantic fortunes shall seem, at any rate, to be secured at the cost of beggary and starvation, there will always be the deepest discontent, and we shall always be on the verge of a social war, in which no quarter will be given.

It is obvious, also, that the mechanical inventions of our time—the innumerable applications of chemistry to the ordinary purposes of life, and, indeed the utilisation, of almost all the physical

sciences,—all this has rendered easy an infinite amount of sham and make-believe, which even in the last generation would simply have been impossible. To a certain extent, no doubt, the widespread social deception that scarcely anybody will be found to deny, is no more than the abuse of what is really good and genuinely useful. Indeed, it is by no means a crime to secure, as far as we can, that our common every-day life shall as much as possible be made beautiful and graceful. There is no moral necessity for fastening a shawl with a skewer; and if a girl cannot afford a very costly brooch, there is no reason why she should not have her cheap brooch made as pretty as possible. Sham jewellery, and gold lever watches that can be bought for thirty shillings, must certainly be considered follies, but may, perhaps, also be considered harmless follies. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that everything you pay for the prettiness of an article must be deducted from its strength or solidity. But, apart from the silliness of wasting money upon mere appearances, there is often a dishonesty, which is even worse than the silliness. People imitate "their betters"—by which they generally mean those who are richer than themselves—with the deliberate intention of deceiving. They want to appear rich, when they know that they are not; and it is impossible to imagine a meaner ambition. It is also impossible to imagine a more galling slavery.

A lady may have pinched and saved for months to buy, for instance, a showy pair of bracelets, or whatever other kind of vanity may chance to be in the fashion; the bracelets may be very good of their kind, very showy, and not without an appearance of solidity. But suppose, after all, the wearer should chance to hear one of those amiable whispers, that are by no means uncommon, even among the most intimate friends: "What a lovely pair of bracelets Annie has on to-night! somebody must have made her a present of them." "Yes, my dear, they do look well; don't they? but I happened to examine one of them up-stairs, and they're not *real*." That is the sort of mortification for which innumerable "Annies" are sacrificing the solid happiness of life.

Well, well, it's no use grumbling. If people choose to be fools, of course they will be fools; and if people think more of a silver fork, than of the meat which it is to take to their mouths, well and good. But, after all, it's a pity; we may reach a point of effeminacy which can bear no rough handling, not even that vigorous restorative treatment which might restore a manly tone. We may become like hardy plants grown in hothouses; and by the unnecessary indulgence become so weak that the first frost will kill us.

And in spite of all our modern civilisation we have not yet attained the power to control the weather.

W. K.

## MANNA.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

**A**LMOST everything in the exodus of Israel was charged with typical significance. Egypt was a type of the soul's bondage; Canaan of the rest which remaineth for the people of God; the desert pilgrimage, of the Christian's life below, with his chains broken, but his habits unformed, and his thoughts still mean and low; the fiery pillar, of God's protection; and the ark, of God's companionship.

Now when all the journey was thus full of Divine meaning, and eloquent of the inner life, who can fail to discern a mystery underlying the silent, ceaseless, daily miracle of bread-giving? St. Paul called manna "spiritual bread," not because it nourished the souls of men (since the eaters immediately murmured for flesh, and were not estranged from their lust), but as foreshadowing something in the spiritual world. And Christ said, "Not Moses gave you [Moses gave you not] that bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven;" making manna a symbol of that sustenance which the soul requires, and only God can give.

1. We note the circumstances under which it was given. "The children of Israel said unto Moses and Aaron, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots, and when we did eat bread to the full, for ye have brought us forth unto this wilderness to fill this whole assembly with hunger." Just so there is often a time in man's divine life when he begins to feel the need of food. Long he sat by the Egyptian fleshpots, and enjoyed the productions of a godless land. Human praise and earthly honour—little satisfactions for little returning wants—small ripples of delight upon the monotonous and lazy stream of life—narrow speculations, and mean curiosities excited by what passes around us—hot pursuit of wealth, luxury, or fashion—of things which he sees others possess, and despises even while he envies them, and wastes his life endeavouring to gain what he despises—these have long been his food, and having enough of these, he counts himself to "eat bread to the full." But let conscience be aroused, let the great Deliverer of souls, like Moses, reveal the slavery and begin the emancipation, and he shall,



perhaps, find himself in a wilderness of scorching heat, burning sands, vacancy, and hunger. O! there is many a dreadful experience answering to that hour when the sea had been passed, but the manna had not begun to fall. Old things have passed away, but nothing has become vitally new. Religion seems to be a vast system for depriving one of old indulgences, crippling his movements and curbing his delights, but giving no return for all that it takes away. That is a feeling which need not come, does not come, but from want of faith; yet is it better far than the servile and miserable contentment which preceded it. Only let the cry to the leader be not of rebellion, but of hope, and "angels' food" shall be provided. "I am the bread of life." "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead; this is the bread that cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die."

2. One marked distinction divides this from every other recorded miracle of support. In Eden, immortality was conferred by a fruit growing on an earthly tree. It was from her own meal that the widow of Zarephath was fed. Elijah received from the ravens ordinary bread and flesh; and even when an angel fed him in the desert, it was from a cake baked upon coals. Christ was content to multiply common bread and fish; and after his resurrection still supplied his disciples with the fare to which they were accustomed. But here was no multiplication of their own stores, nor gift of meat like what they were wont to feed upon. They asked each other, "What is it?" This teaches the Christian the difference between his sustenance and that of the world. They were "fed with manna which they knew not—to make them know that man doth not live by bread only; but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

Worldliness consists, not in this indulgence or that—not in a gay bonnet nor a stirring life; but in a soul which draws its nourishment from things below.

Spirituality belongs not to a peculiar language, nor the robes of a confraternity,—to rigid rules, nor austere deportment; but to every soul which daily gathers and enjoys the bread of heaven, and would starve if that bread were not bestowed. Many an intrigue for power has raged in the shadow of the cloister; and many an unworldly heart has beaten beneath the purple of royalty and the fine linen of courts. Let not the wealthy find in his position an insuperable barrier to spirituality, nor the poor man dream that his poverty shields him from the danger of a worldly heart; but let each see whence he derives support and stimulus for life's journey. If from the purest source below,—love of family or sense of duty, if from anything but heavenly help and communion with

the Father of spirits, then it is not the bread of life, and can no more sustain him on the road to God, than husks which the swine eat.

3. There is no mistaking the New Testament doctrine as to what this bread may be. Not prayer, faith, sacraments, nor good works support the pilgrim on his way to the promised land. Christ himself is the bread of life. His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed, and he gives his flesh for the life of the world. Yet, as the Israelites were expected to gather the manna for themselves, so is trustful effort required to bring the blessing to the individual. Faith is simply going with our vessel to claim the rich provision which God has already made; and prayer and the sacraments are faith in visible operation. Christ is the vine and we are the branches, green and fruitful only by the sap which flows from him.

We live by Christ *the Atonement*; and shall not defend ourselves from the reproaches of conscience, by urging our natural weakness nor the strength of temptation, but by trusting in him who bore our sins, and by whose stripes we are healed.

We live by Christ *the Mediator*; and though God is too high and holy for sinful man to draw nigh, and "dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto," yet, when we are supported by the Intercessor, we enter boldly, and rejoice in the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus our Lord.

We live by Christ *our Example*. How shall we contend against the idle and unholy desires which rise in us from day to day? how conquer the spirit of pride, or the struggles of anger, or sarcasm. How shall we bear with the unthankful and the froward, and condescend to the dull intellect and the low estate? Not by grand resolutions, nor by passionate struggles, whose convulsive energy quickly burns out and leaves prostration and languor in its place. These are diseases for which a strong drug is less appropriate than proper nourishment; and thus the soul's illness must be removed by living upon Christ,—by the continual purification of the blood, which communion with him and appropriation of him must supply. An easy temper is not Christian meekness. Dislike to witness pain is far from being Christian love. Our tenderness and gentleness should have deeper roots than in the sensibilities; they should draw their nourishment from the communication of the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

4. And let us remember that *every morning* a fresh provision had to be laid up. Monday's supply was not given for Tuesday, neither was it possible to hoard. So it is with us. We must give ourselves to Christ for ever; but we must ask him daily to give himself to us. The richest expe-

rience, the purest aspiration, the humblest self-abandonment that can be felt to-day; will not reach forward and supply to-morrow. Past graces will become loathsome, if put in the place of present supplies from heaven; and there is even a danger of self-reliance growing out of happy experience, if it be not combated by a continual "feeding upon Christ in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving."

But the supply was not more essential than it was plentiful. The provision lay all about the camp; and still the blessing is at our doors. Woe to us if we murmur for other dainties! The

Israelites demanded them, and were indulged; but while the flesh was in their nostrils the angel of the Lord went forth and smote them. And is there no plague for the perverse now? What are the discords that convulse families, the inflamed and uncurbed passions that hold nothing sacred or reverend, the palled and sated discontent which hates the world as cordially as it hates itself?—what but the judgment of God upon those who despise his provision, and must needs gratify themselves? Be it our happiness, as it is our duty, to trust him to prepare our table before us, while we follow him to the land of rest.

### MOUNTAIN WORSHIP.

**U**PON the heights the sunset glows,  
Each moment with intenser thrills,  
The living splendour deeper grows,  
And seems to burn along the hills.

It glows, it burns, it dims, it dies!  
Far up upon the rock-crowned height,  
Wrapped in his plaid, the shepherd lies,  
And sees it fading from his sight.

Then with the sign of day's swift close,  
The last faint light of purple red,  
Wrapped in his plaid, the shepherd rose,  
And "took the Book," and bared his head.

Amid the everlasting rocks,  
Alone he lifted up his head;  
"As these abide the tempests' shocks,  
So doth thy living word," he said.

And then, his worship to complete,  
"The Word" upon the rock he laid,  
And threw his bonnet at his feet,  
And lifted up his voice and prayed.

Upon his head the night comes down;  
The ruby and the amethyst  
Have melted from the mountain's crown,  
Have melted into cloud and mist.

The night falls swiftly on the hills,  
The downward path in darkness lies;  
But still his voice the silence fills;—  
"Is not thy Word a lamp?" he cries.

"Thyself the light by which I see,  
Thyself the rock on which I rest,  
My God, I lay me down with thee,  
As if this mountain were thy breast."

K.

### A WORD UPON BEING LIMITED.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



AM not about to write an article upon Limited Liability. In a commercial sense, the world is hearing sadly enough about that just now. That word (Limited) has been the appendix to nearly all enterprises, wise and unwise. You can read it everywhere. It stares you in the face in the streets; it is stuffed into your letter-boxes in dozens of printed circulars. Like a universal presence—by 'bus, boat, or rail, walking, or driving, or steaming—it haunts you always. You get quite tired of the amazingly plain face of the letters, "Limited." There is the "Save-you-the-trouble-of-buttoning-your-coat Company, Limited," and the "Clean-your-teeth-by-machinery Company, Limited," and others, *ad nauseam*. So we will take leave to say nothing about them, save this, that the "Clear-

you-out-completely Company, Limited," seems to be doing the most extensive business at the present time.

The purpose of this paper is, however, of quite a different nature from anything Limited, in a commercial sense: it aims simply at showing what necessary limitation we all lie under in the wise providence of God. The first thing, indeed, which we ought to learn, and the last thing we do learn, is that we are in a world where we are surrounded by limitations. We see men misled and maddened in many ways around us by simply ignoring the great law of limitation. Multitudes set their hearts upon things, and pursue them with an intense eagerness, as though there was nothing to hinder them but the weakness of their own will, or the special difficulties which are peculiar to themselves; whereas, "thus far shalt

thou go and no farther" is written on all the possessions, pursuits, and joys of life.

The law of limitation, for instance, is inscribed upon the various forms of human acquisition and ambition. Who that has an eye to see, but must mark that no man is permitted to drink his fill of honour and applause? A certain amount of popular favour is attained, but no more! Look at some favourite of the Roman people. I instance such, because in no nation of earth, before or since, has there been such man-worship as in old Rome. The tribunes come to the august ruler to ask respectfully the watchword of the day, and all seems culminating in the world-worship of, and obedience to, one man: yet it is not long before some enemy's hand strikes a traitor's blow. Times have changed: the world has grown milder and wiser. We do not see the same manifestation of popular vacillation; but the fact remains. No one can look around without seeing that he who was hurried to-day may be hooted to-morrow. Woe to the man who makes popular esteem his god! he will find, as kings, senators, statesmen, admirals, and patriots have done, that the rising tide comes so far, and then recedes, and leaves the man high, dry, solitary, forsaken, and forgotten on the beach of time. Perhaps we deplore the inconstancy of human nature—perhaps we say there is as much variation as limitation. True; but there is the fact. No man can be able to say, "I have gotten my ambitious desires satisfied in the honour or applause of men." And it is well; otherwise, men would be turned into gods, and forget their own weakness and dependence upon God.

Surely, too, this principle of limitation applies to acquisition—to the sense of personal proprietary. I do not care whether it be riches, or estates, or human objects of love. Thus far! There will be a measure of happiness to be derived from them; but let us not imagine that there is an opportunity for the full exercise of joy. Something will come! Disease will weaken our powers of enjoyment, or bereavement will snatch the companion away who doubled it by sharing it. Self-love, perhaps, will petrify the heart, and steel it to the sweet luxury of doing good; so that, by degrees, even lawful joys will be shorn of their keen zest. And then, amid all, grim death will come; and we must exchange the robes and abodes of riches for the garment that has no pocket in it, and for the narrow house that has no demesnes around its walls. We are limited by the world of men, by the circumstances of our condition, by disease, decay, and death.

But the same law of limitation hems in every principle and power of our nature. Even our virtues must be limited in the direction of their exercise. So difficult is it to use the world and

not abuse it, that many men say, "I think it best to abstain from certain forms of enjoyment altogether. I see how soon enjoyment runs into excess—the descent has such a glacier-like swiftness about it—that I must save myself from damage by abstinence entire." We may not agree with such men, but we must respect them, we cannot help that. This same principle of limitation, however, which many find so difficult to apply in certain directions, must be applied to all the so-called virtues of humanity. Take one or two illustrations. Look at the very amiable man. Surely, you say, *there is a noble faculty*—not hot, peppery-tempered, or revengeful: but even that man must say, "Thus far and no farther," or else he will treat evil and good alike: he will never be indignant at wrong; he will never flush with righteous anger, at cowardice or sin. His amiability may curse his life. Take also the easy, restful man, who dislikes to be disturbed, who hates distraction, who thinks that to what he calls "live in peace" is the great thing, after all: yet for the sake of so-called peace he may not correct his children's faults, nor trouble himself to see if he is getting into the bondage of debt, nor take his share in the necessary worry of human life. Surely you would not say he was a noble being; and yet that same desire not to be fretful or anxious would, in one sense, commend itself to your admiration. You would not, at first sight, see that somebody must suffer for the man, and that, if he did not do the troubling, somebody else would have to do it for him. So, then, there are limitations to our very virtues—the liberal may become lax—the strict may become ascetic—the prudent may become penurious—the amiable may become indifferent. Therefore, though it may be difficult, and a Christian man may say this involves thought, prayer, wisdom, patience—yet it must be done; and we shall have, every day, to say to parts of our nature, "Thus far, no farther," and learn by personal experience that there is a wise limit to the noblest faculties of our being.

This law of limitation affects also all the outward forces of human life. Let us remember this. We are too apt to give in idea an infinite sort of scope to our estimates of sorrow and trial. We must not forget that all these are limited by the power, wisdom, and love of God. There is no doctrine which we need in our hours of trial and grief so specially to remember. It is idle to repeat the old English story of the monarch and the sea, which every child reads in his History of England. The monarch Sea was greater than the monarch King; but even the monarch Sea obeys the monarch Christ. We may apply that as in a simple allegory. Here are certain things stronger than we are—sorrow, suffering, and

death; but they are not so strong as the monarch Christ. "Thus far," he says; and he will not let one of his friends suffer more than they are able to bear. The tides of trial sweep up the beach of the heart only so far as he permits—not one wave farther. He knows when it is enough. He watches the sea till it has risen high enough to float away our idols on the tide, and he says, "No farther."

But is it not also true that, in one sense, the Divine Legislator has put himself under a law of limitation? Of course, such an idea must be treated with the most delicate discrimination. But God honours his own laws. You say he created them. He did. They are the reflex of his own holy nature. Now, having given to man the sense of righteousness and justice, and the revealed law of truth, God declares that he ever acts in harmony with these laws. In one sense there is no limit to his power: for instance, to punish; in another sense, there is. Look at Noah—a just man in his generation. What were the words spoken to him? "Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." Look at Abraham, when the destruction of Sodom drew near, and he said to God, "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? . . . That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked." This, then, is the limitation to the exercise of the Divine power. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

God's power, then, is under the sway of love. Yes; and love is under the sway of truth. We often think of the God of love, but not so often of the God of truth; and yet the love would be but a mawkish, and even a baneful thing, if it were not under the sway of truth. It is this that makes the atonement so wonderful and beautiful; that even love did not save the race, reckless of wisdom or law, but that it was a sacrifice, such as we believe to have been in harmony with all the elements of holy government. How completely and constantly ought we to trust that great Father of our spirit, concerning whom it is said, "There is no unrighteousness in him."

The law of limitation affects one other thing, and that is the sphere of our religious thought. I believe, with Mr. Mansell, that we are under restrictions such as are inherent in our very nature. We are none the nearer, and never shall be, to a discovery of the mysteries which lie beyond us; such as the essence of God; the nature of eternity; the problems of moral existence. We

see enough; and God has revealed all things necessary for life and godliness. It would not be well that we should know more than we do. Such power would most seriously interfere with our probation. We still walk by faith, not by sight. We are not asked to believe things that contradict our nature. All that is revealed we believe to be in harmony both with the laws of mind and the nature of conscience; but there is a limit to our thought, and we have to wait for the future world before we know even as we are known.

Most marvellous have been the deliberations in the sphere of moral truth during the last quarter of a century; but, whilst physical science has progressed in every sphere, the Bible is a higher revelation than all the discoveries of man. We still stand like children on the edge of the great ocean of knowledge, and exclaim, "How marvellous are thy works, O God! and thy ways are past finding out." We know, however, enough for the purification of our nature, the preservation of our happiness, and for our preparation for the kingdom of heaven.

This subject has, I feel sure, an aspect which may adapt it to the sceptical and careless. Men may still question the existence of the Father of their spirits, but they cannot say there is no God. As John Foster suggests, they must, to be able to affirm *that*, have been present in every province of earth, and lived in every moment of time; or else, just the one province they leave untrodden may contain convincing evidence of the presence and power of God, and just in the one moment they have been absent, he may have revealed himself. In one word, a man must be a god to affirm there is no God. Men may question God and immortality, heaven and hell, but they cannot deny them: thus far they can go, but no farther.

I close with the comforting thought, that He who slept at the helm of the vessel, and who rose at the disciples' call to gaze in the face of the angry billows, and to say to a sea that heard his voice and knew his face, "Be still!" he, the great Christ of history, is with us on the shore of our frail human life. When the waves and billows threaten to overwhelm or engulf us, they will be obedient to the voice of One whose friends we are, and their impetuous rush will be stayed at the sound of these words, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Limitation, then, good reader, has its many aspects: not amongst the least is the limitation of your own particular patience. So again I stay my pen, that I may keep my reader.





(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"And coax and cradle on your knee  
The child of tender-hearted Mary."—p. 624.

## AD MATREM.

**D**EAR mother, in these happy times  
 Of heart-felt hopes and birthday greetings,  
 Our hearts are tuned to cheery rhymes,  
 On this the best of all our meetings.  
 Our thoughts flow backwards to the days  
 When on life's sea we were but bubbles;  
 We sorrow for our wilful ways,  
 And know, too late, they caused you troubles.

For this, if nothing else, we've come,  
 And on this day of days have sought you;  
 You'll give us all a welcome home,  
 So take the gifts that we have brought you.  
 Come, mother, turn your eyes and see  
 This pretty, blue-eyed little fairy;  
 And coax and cradle on your knee  
 The child of tender-hearted Mary.

Bright Mabel writes you by the post:  
 "Your house is full, and distant this is,  
 So we will linger on the coast.  
 P.S. the little ones send kisses."  
 And Bernard gives fresh proof to-day  
 Of years of care and self-devotion;  
 While fair-haired Cecil, far away,  
 Breathes honest love across the ocean.

Does that make up the little band?  
 There's one more yet, and would you miss him?  
 Well, he will come to wring your hand,  
 And you must lift your lips to kiss him.  
 One gift he brings, more pure than gold,  
 At any rate he has none other,—  
 It is that sometimes he is told  
 He's really very like his mother!

C. W. S.

## THE HALF-SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

**M**ISS HENSMAN, can it be you?"  
 Alfred Kingston said it in a tone  
 as if he doubted the evidence of his  
 senses. In fact, no object in earth or  
 air, land or sea, could have afforded  
 him more surprise than the sight of Sophy, standing,  
 helplessly, in dripping garments on the pavement of  
 Workstone.

Ere she had time to explain to him—which she  
 began eagerly to do—that she was lost, he had taken  
 her, at once, under his care. He had offered her  
 his arm, and was holding his umbrella over her, to  
 afford her all the protection in his power. He was  
 hurrying her along, as if anxious to get her under  
 shelter as soon as he could.

"I live close by," he said, hastily. "Pray step in  
 a moment, while I arrange to take you home."

While he spoke, he had stopped before the door of  
 a house in a dull little street, leading out of a noisy  
 thoroughfare. He opened the door immediately to  
 admit Sophy.

"This is my home, Miss Hensman," said he,  
 smiling. The passage—for it hardly deserved to be  
 called a hall—was so contracted that Sophy had  
 barely room to stand within it. From the passage  
 she was ushered into a room of the same contracted  
 dimensions—a poor room in itself, and indifferently  
 furnished; but Sophy glanced round with a feeling  
 of veneration. It was the abode of Alfred Kingston.

There was a good fire, and Sophy drew towards it.  
 She was shivering with cold. He noticed the move-  
 ment, and said, kindly, "Before I ask any questions,  
 allow me to suggest that you take off your shawl  
 and dry it. How wet you are!"

"I am wet," replied Sophy, unfastening the shawl,  
 and hanging it to the fire. She could not feel any

extreme haste to quit this peaceful sanctuary, and  
 the presence of Alfred Kingston. "I have been lost  
 for hours."

"Poor child!" He said it as though the words  
 had escaped unawares: she looked so youthful, so  
 unfit to cope with any difficulties whatsoever; and  
 as he said it, his kind eyes shone down upon her  
 with such cordial benevolence, that it was worth all  
 the misery she had endured.

A tray, with a bachelor's equipage of cup and  
 saucer, stood upon the table; and the coffee-pot  
 was placed ready on the hob. Seeing how pale and  
 exhausted she was, he poured out a cup of the hot,  
 fragrant beverage.

"Will you do me the favour to drink some of my  
 coffee?" said he, persuasively. "I wish I had some-  
 thing better to offer you."

"Oh, nothing could be nicer," cried Sophy, eagerly.  
 "I should like it very much."

She looked very pretty, as she sat sipping her  
 coffee, the colour coming back into her cheeks, and  
 her eyes sparkling with excitement, while she related  
 the adventure of the morning, including the search  
 for Ann Smith, Lamb's Court, Green's Lane.

He laughed pleasantly. "There is no such place,  
 Miss Hensman, in all Workstone," said he; "but I  
 think I know the woman, from your description."

"Do you?" cried Sophy, eagerly.

"Yes. I fear she is a sad impostor; she has been  
 in gaol twice for stealing."

Sophy's countenance looked very blank.

"She begs about the country, and gets what she  
 can by inventing tales of distress. She is one of the  
 worst characters I have ever met with."

"But her children?" exclaimed Sophy.

"Are always crying for bread," replied he, smiling,  
 "and have been ever since I knew her. The fact is,

she has no young children. Her two sons have been transported."

"Dear me! what wicked people," cried Sophy; "and how provoking it is to be so imposed upon!"

"You are young," said he, gently. "Experience will come to you in time."

"But it is sad, that while experience is coming, I am doing no good," returned Sophy, raising her eyes with a beseeching expression to his face.

It was a face so sympathetic and so full of kindness, that to open her heart to him seemed but natural and irresistible—to tell him of her father, and of the desire, so lightly esteemed by those amid whom she dwelt, to follow in his steps, and use her wealth for the purpose of mitigating the sorrows and relieving the wants of others. As she spoke of these things, her lip trembled, and the tears rolled down her cheek.

"I have done nothing yet," said she, despondingly; "nothing at all."

"Yes, indeed you have," replied he, in that gentle tone that was so pleasant to her. "I can bear witness to that."

He was alluding to the money she had given towards supplying the necessities of the poor people whose houses had been destroyed by the fire.

"Besides," continued he, gravely, "God in his own good time will open the way for you. You have only to wait upon Providence, and be content to do what he puts into your hands. A larger sphere will come presently."

He rose as he said it. She started and blushed. She had been wrapt in a delicious forgetfulness of everything, including even the well-beloved mistress of Cranstead Abbey. But she could perceive that he was not, by any means, oblivious of the fact that the sooner she was at home the better.

"Are you dry and warm, Miss Hensman?" asked he. "Oh! quite, quite, thank you. You have been so very kind."

He bowed gravely. Then he said, "I am going to order a cab. Your friends will be anxious about you."

When he had quitted the house, her heart sank within her.

"He will put me into the cab," thought she, as she busied herself with her shawl, "and send me off. And, oh! it may be such a long time before I see him again!"

But he did nothing of the kind. He did not come into the room until the cab was at the door. Then he presented himself, his hat in his hand.

"Will you allow me to see you safe home, Miss Hensman? I shall not feel satisfied unless I do."

What a thrill of delight ran through Sophy's frame as he spoke! Her face beamed with satisfaction.

"I shall be so glad. How good you are to take so much trouble!" said she.

"Not at all; it is a pleasure," he replied, as he handed her into the cab.

The rain—oh, how it rained! Splashing down into the gutters, and making the spouts run over!

But what mattered it to Sophy, sitting opposite to Alfred Kingston?

It was so delightful to talk to him of those better aspirations, she could never mention in the clique to which she belonged;—to feel that here was one who did not take his rule of life precisely from this world's dictum; who could, like herself, realise other worlds beyond.

She was sadly weary of the spirit of Mammon. The hard metallic ring of Mammon's coin had been rarely out of her ears, since she had been transplanted into the care of Mrs. Hector Chillingham. Now, in this congenial society, she could forget it altogether.

She was in the midst of her felicity, when, all at once, the cab stopped. Alas! there was another vehicle stopping too! It was the carriage of the Cransteads.

"Hallo! Miss Hensman, what have you been about?"

She shivered as though she had received a shock. The cab-door was opened rudely, and Archibald Cranstead thrust in his head.

"I say," continued he, "who have you got with you?"

Sophy, annoyed, alarmed, and her joys rudely torn asunder, looked imploringly at her protector.

Alfred Kingston, without making any retort, handed his card to Archibald.

"That will tell you who I am, Mr. Cranstead. For the rest, I must beg leave to explain——"

"No, it won't," interrupted Archibald, glancing at the card. "There may be scores of Kingstons hanging about, ready to carry off a rich——"

"Mr. Archibald," cried Sophy, almost with a scream, her sense of delicacy violently outraged, "how dare you insinuate such things? when I had lost myself in Workstone, and am indebted to Mr. Kingston for bringing me home! Pray forgive me," added she, appealing to him in her distress, "for having exposed you to this."

He did not speak. She had held out her hand, but he did not seem to notice the movement.

"Are you coming, Miss Hensman?" cried Archibald from the carriage, to which he had returned in order to escape the rain; "or am I to wait here all night?"

Mr. Kingston had already alighted, and was standing ready to assist Sophy to get out. With his usual courtesy he handed her from the cab, protecting her as much as he could with an umbrella. When she had most reluctantly taken her seat in the equipage of the Cransteads, he bade her adieu, Archibald staring insolently at him all the time. Then, closing the door, he re-entered the cab, and drove off. Sophy saw him no more.

If she had felt a transition from night to day, now a still more violent change had taken place from day to night. Darkness seemed to close thickly in around her, shut up, without hope of escape, in the hated society of Archibald Cranstead:—and he whom she had regarded with such romantic admiration, gone!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

TEARS of annoyance gushed into Sophy's eyes. Instead of the genial face and open brow—instead of the kindly voice and courteous address—behold a pair of insolent eyes, a rude speech, a person she altogether disliked, lolling in the opposite corner! It was almost more than she could bear.

She had put down her veil. She did not intend that he should see a single tear. She sat in an attitude as defiant as her gentle nature was capable of assuming.

He regarded her a few minutes with that supercilious stare she hated. Then he said, "A fine chase you have led me this morning, Miss Hensman! Don't you know I came all through this pouring rain to find you?"

Sophy did not answer. Her heart swelled with the indignant feelings which Archibald seemed to have the power of constantly rousing.

"Pray who was that seedy-looking person?"

"He is not a person. He is the most perfect gentleman I have ever seen," burst forth Sophy, impulsively.

"Indeed! Pray is he your lover?"

Burning blushes dyed Sophy's face with crimson. Happily, her tormentor could not see them. Yet at the word "lover," flung out from the scornful lips of Archibald, her heart throbbed with a strange and new sensation. Was it pleasure or pain?

"If you had made an appointment with this—this 'perfect gentleman,' sneered Archibald, "you should have been considerate enough to tell us. My mother has been out of her wits, and so has Mrs. Chillingham."

"What! is my Aunt Chillingham at the abbey?" gasped Sophy, terrified.

"Indeed she is. She came as soon as you were gone, and has remained ever since, helping to frighten my mother to death."

"I am very sorry," cried Sophy, in a tone of concern. "I lost my way in Workstone, and if"—here her voice faltered a little—"if Mr. Kingston had not found me, I don't know when I should have got home."

"What made you go to Workstone?"

Sophy was silent.

"Ah, I see! I wish I had looked at him a little closer," said Archibald in a bantering tone. "He seemed to me uncommonly seedy."

Sophy trembled with indignation.

"One of your shabby-genteel folks, who wear a coat seven years, and then turn it."

She did not speak.

"What is his occupation, may I be allowed to inquire?"

Sophy shook her head.

"Oh, you will never make me believe that you don't know. I suppose you're engaged to him, eh?"

"Mr. Archibald," cried Sophy, in a voice that quivered with indignation, "if you say another word I shall open the carriage-door and leap out!"

"I would not advise you," said Archibald, in a mocking tone; "the perfect gentleman may not be at hand to pick you up."

"If my Aunt Chillingham is at the abbey," thought Sophy, "I will ask her to take me back: anything is better than this." And then a tear trickled down her cheek. With all her wealth, she felt very desolate.

Her Aunt Chillingham was at the abbey. When the carriage stopped, and Sophy had sprung out, eager to escape her tormentor, she was met at once by the two alarmed women, who had been watching for her—Mrs. Cranstead and Mrs. Hector Chillingham.

"Now, Sophy, you will please tell me the meaning of this," said the harsh voice of her aunt.

Mrs. Cranstead was not harsh. Oh, no! she had taken the girl into her embrace, saying, fondly, "My dear Sophy, you little know what anxiety you have caused me."

"But Archibald has found her! I told you he would!" said the squire, triumphantly. He had also been on the watch, and had hurried in to receive the wanderer.

"More shame for her to give Mr. Archibald so much trouble," continued Mrs. Chillingham, sharply. "Where have you been to, Sophy?"

"Perhaps I can explain the matter better than Miss Hensman," said Archibald, who was leaning against the wall, his arms folded. "I met her riding, post-haste, with the most perfect gentleman she had ever seen. That's his card," and, with an air of contempt, he threw it on the table.

Mrs. Chillingham snatched it up. "Kingston! Kingston!" exclaimed she, wrathfully, and making a little rush at Sophy; "not Alfred Kingston, surely—the man who begs the town over!"

Sophy's face was crimson. Hot tears gushed from her eyes. She hastened to explain. A few words did it. Then she hid her face, and wept. The wound given her by her aunt's words was so intolerable.

"And who is Mr. Kingston?" asked the lady of Cranstead, anxiously.

"Oh! nobody at all," cried Mrs. Chillingham, in so fierce a tone that Sophy trembled; "a banker's clerk, down in the city, without sixpence in the world!"

"Whoever he is," said the squire, in a voice of grave reproof, "we are greatly indebted to him for his courtesy. I shall make a point of calling upon him, and thanking him."

Sophy darted a look of gratitude at the squire. She could have hugged him in sheer delight. Mrs. Chillingham saw the look.

"You are very good, Mr. Cranstead," said she, "but I should be sorry for you to take the trouble. Sophy's uncle will do all that is necessary."

Sophy's hopes were again nipped in the bud. As for the squire, he bowed politely, and held his peace. If he could be said to dislike any lady on earth, it was Mrs. Hector Chillingham.



"And now, Sophy," said Mrs. Chillingham, when she had got her into the solitude of her chamber, "please to sit down."

Sophy did so, with the utmost meekness.

"Now, just tell me every word that passed between you and this man."

"Who do you mean, aunt?" asked Sophy, raising her head indignantly.

The meekest creature on earth will turn again, if trodden on.

Mrs. Hector set her foot on Sophy's tenderest sensibilities, by the way in which she called Mr. Kingston "a man."

"I mean Mr. Kingston, of course. Who else was there? You don't suppose I could refer to that young gentleman, Mr. Archibald Cranstead."

Unbounded was the respect with which she pronounced the name.

Sophy bit her lip with annoyance. Things precious and things vile had changed places in the estimation of Mrs. Chillingham. To Sophy, Alfred Kingston was the *precious*, Archibald Cranstead the *vile*.

Her story was soon told. To be sure, she had to confess that her errand to Workstone had been one of charity, which confession drew down upon her a severe animadversion. But, on the whole, things had not been so bad as Mrs. Chillingham feared.

"You ought to feel very grateful to Mr. Archibald for his kindness, Sophy. Not many young gentlemen would have taken all that trouble."

Sophy could not force herself to utter a syllable on that head.

"I wish I might go back with you, aunt," said she, visions of the odious Archibald looming before her.

"Go back, Sophy! Are you in your senses? Of course, I shall not think of such a thing," replied her aunt, in an inflexible tone.

"I am quite ready," said Sophy, pleadingly. "I wish you would let me;" and the tears sprang to her eyes.

Again how lonely, how desolate she felt!

"Sophy, you are the greatest goose that ever lived! When Mrs. Cranstead has taken you up, and when you have advantages and opportunities such as no girl had, that I have ever heard of. To go back! No, indeed! I shall do nothing of the kind. You must stay here as long as Mrs. Cranstead wishes."

"Very well, aunt," said Sophy, meekly, and drying her eyes.

"You must stay here; and it will be all the better for you, depend on that," added Mrs. Chillingham, with a sagacious nod. "I am older than you, Sophy, and I know what you ought to do. Come, be quick, and dress for dinner."

But she felt very lonely. Home—ah! she had lost that sweet inheritance—that calm, restful spot, where the spirit finds such happiness, such solace! This was not home, nor was the other! And, overcome by the events of the day, and sad and sore at heart, she wept.

## CHAPTER XXX.

"WHERE are you going to, in such a hurry, Almeria?"

"I am going," and she gave a vicious jerk to her bonnet-strings—"I am going to tell that ungrateful, good-for-nothing hussy a piece of my mind."

Her face did not look particularly pleasant, as it was reflected in the glass. Her eyes had a fierce, unwomanly expression; her thin lips were tightened; her forehead contracted with ugly and unnecessary wrinkles. She was very angry. Archibald Cranstead had not been to visit her, since the night of the party. Her worst fears were on the point of being realised. He had forsaken her for Dolores Percival.

"Not that I think he will dare to marry her," continued she, replying to her own thoughts; "the Cransteads will never permit that."

"I don't imagine he will care much about the Cransteads," replied Georgina, who occupied the same apartment with her sister. "Archibald has never been remarkable for his filial piety, since we have known him, Almeria."

"But his own good sense. His own——"

She paused for a suitable word to express what she meant. Georgina laughed derisively.

"That's just like you, Georgina," cried her sister, highly incensed. "Because I am determined to set a good example, and marry well, you are ready to devour me with envy and jealousy."

"Nonsense, Almeria! No one would envy you the affection of such a man as Archibald Cranstead. If I were in your place, the Spanish girl would be quite welcome to him."

"But the Spanish girl shall not have him!" cried Almeria, vehemently, and bursting from the room in a rage: "I would rather die!"

"I would rather die!" continued she, speaking the words to herself, as she walked in the direction of the Percivals' abode. "What! give up being the mistress of Cranstead Abbey? and having my thousands, to do as I like with, instead of a wretched hundred a year—barely enough to keep me in clothes. No, indeed! They may say what they like; I know what I mean to do."

She walked briskly forward, her spirits rising at the thought. It was of no use desponding, and there was a bright side to the question. Archibald might be—nay, was—in love with Dolores. But it would, in all probability, be a passing fancy, not strong enough to withstand the open hostility of his parents.

"As if they were likely to let him marry a girl without a scrap of connection, or of money, or anything whatever to recommend her," said Almeria to herself, arguing the matter in her own way.

"Except beauty," whispered a voice within her: "except *beauty*!" and there came back the well-remembered saying—

"She is the most lovely creature I have ever seen in my life!"

"But, if she is pretty," again thought Almeria,

replying to her own thoughts, "so am I; and I am his relation, and a Trentham."

Consoled by this final reflection, her face cleared up definitely. All she had now to think of was, how completely, and for ever, to crush Dolores;—to crush her with her woman's weapon—her tongue.

"I shall tell her, first of all, that I am engaged to him," said Almeria, compromising the matter with her conscience; "and if she refuses to give him up, I shall threaten her. I shall tell her that Mrs. Chillingham will not let her sister have any more work, nor anybody else in the city. I know how to manage Dolores—I do," added she, with a vindictive smile, and striding onwards at her utmost speed.

After a time, she reached the field where stood the house of the Percivals. Here she slackened her pace. She was out of breath, with haste and excitement, and she wished to appear calm and collected. She slackened her pace, and walked leisurely up the field.

She was near the house ere she looked at it with any attention. Then she stopped, surprised, and somewhat alarmed. An event had transpired, of which she was not aware.

Still and mournful stood the half-ruinous abode of the Percivals. The shutters were partly closed, the blinds drawn down. Yes! there had been something: there had been death!

Almeria was terrified at the mere thought of death. She retreated in alarm. She was so much agitated, and so anxious to know the exact state of the case, that she took refuge in a cottage a few hundred yards distant. Here dwelt the woman who had been fetched by Susan the night of Mr. Percival's decease.

"It has given me such a turn," said Almeria, sitting down, and throwing back her veil. "I was going to call on—on business, and I never noticed that anything was amiss till I reached the house. Pray has there been a death?"

She pronounced the word with a little shudder.

"Yes, miss. It was the old gentleman," replied the woman, eager to talk on a subject which had occasioned some little excitement in her narrow circle. "He had been ailing a good while; but he went off quite sudden at the last, poor creature!" and she related the particulars of all that had transpired on that eventful night.

"Dear me! I was not aware," exclaimed Almeria, still somewhat fluttered. "It has been quite a shock."

"I dare say it has," said the woman, in a tone of sympathy. "Be you a friend of the Percivals, miss?"

"No! no! Oh, no, not a friend," replied Almeria, unwilling to compromise herself by such a concession.

"Because, poor things, they're like to want all the friends they've got," continued the woman, compassionately.

Almeria's heart—it was a wicked heart for doing so—bounded with joy. She began to see another way of getting out of her difficulty.

"What do you mean?" asked she, quickly.

"I mean, miss, that how they'll get on, I can't imagine," returned the woman. "The poor gentleman was in difficulties when he came, and things have been going to the bad, with his long illness. It's hard on the young ladies—very," added she again, pityingly.

"What will they do?" asked Almeria, without an atom of sympathy in her voice.

"Well, miss, I am afraid they'll have to leave. I don't see how they are to keep the home over their heads—I don't, indeed."

Almeria's eyes shone with a vindictive light. There was no thought of the orphans' desolation—no remembrance of how bitter, and how cold, the world is to such.

Dolores gone, no matter whither, or to what fate. Her heart did not soften, though it felt a kind of terror, too, when, as she stood talking, there came slowly down the field, and passed under her very eyes, the humble funeral of Mr. Percival.

A humble funeral, truly. There was the coffin, with its sable pall moving solemnly to and fro; there were the solitary mourners. Ah! in this world, the cup of woe and desolation has to be drunk, even to the dregs. The solitary mourners, Helen and Dolores.

No one else followed. They had no friends: the unfortunate rarely have. Their relatives were too far away, and too indifferent to undertake the journey. So, side by side, the weaker clinging to her who was the stronger, they followed, to the grave, him who was their only stay, their only protector. Happily for all such, there is a Being on high, a God in whom the fatherless find mercy!

But Almeria softened not. When the small sad procession was out of her road, she flew home with a light heart.

"I see my way out of it!" exclaimed she to her sister. "Those hateful Percivals will be driven away—now their father is dead! They are doomed, my dear; doomed!" (To be continued.)

## REDEEMING THE TIME.

"ON this day three weeks the slippers must be ready, children," said Mrs. Harewood to her two little daughters, as she opened a brown paper parcel, and spread the contents of it before them on the table. There were two pieces of canvas, with the shape of a slipper traced upon each of them,

and there were besides, ever so many skeins of Berlin wool of different shades of colour—red, white, and green.

Emily and Gertrude Harewood were going to work a pair of slippers, as a surprise for their brother Sydney in India, and their mother had just brought them the materials from the neighbouring town.

"How lovely! what pretty colours!" exclaimed Emily, starting from her seat, and drawing nearer, that she might have the pleasure of touching anything that looked so soft and pretty. "Do, mamma, divide the wools between us now, and let us begin at once."

"Why, Emily, Sidney would be quite proud to hear you. You are determined to be in time, and I am glad of it, for remember, your work must be ready to be packed in a box on this day three weeks, and you must each do your own share."

When lessons were over, the little girls set busily to their tasks; but first, Mrs. Harewood made them each read a verse out of the old family Bible that lay on the little table near the window. Every day the children were accustomed thus to read and learn one verse with their mother. Emily's verse this morning was, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil;" but her mind was so full of brother Sydney's slippers, that she could not fix her thoughts upon the words, and it was a long time before she could repeat them correctly; so long indeed, that Gertrude was stitching away upon her canvas for full ten minutes before her sister was able to join her.

"There now!" she cried, crossly, as her mother left the room, "you have got such a start of me, that I shall never pick you up, all because mamma would be so particular about those words; and I don't understand them after all. How can I tell what 'redeeming the time' means?"

"I suppose it means something about making good use of your time," suggested Gertrude, who herself felt a little proud of being so much beforehand with her work.

"You are very wise, no doubt," retorted Emily, snatching hastily at her canvas, and sweeping her share of the wool over to the other side of the table, where her workbox stood; "but, for all that, I dare say I can be in time as well as you."

For some time after this there was silence, for both little girls became so engrossed in their work that they forgot to talk. Emily was very clever with her needle; it darted in and out of her canvas, much faster than did poor Gertrude's, and she had soon made up for the lost ten minutes, and overtaken her sister.

"There!" she cried, triumphantly, raising her flushed face, and looking across at Gertrude's canvas, "look, Gertie, look at me! how fast I get on, though you did begin before me."

Silence once broken, their tongues soon began to go fast enough, as they pictured to themselves Sydney's joy and surprise, when he should take the slippers out of the box, and find they had been worked by his sisters at home.

"I think he ought to call one of the slippers 'Gertrude' and the other 'Emily,' laughed the younger of the children, as Mrs. Harewood re-entered the drawing-room, holding her watch in her hand.

"Dinner time! dinner time! little workwomen,"

she said, pointing to the hour; "you must both put bye your work at once, there is no time to spare."

"Look, mamma!" cried Emily, holding up her canvas; "I have done more than Gertrude, though she began before me, one, two, three rows more; I knew I should win the race if I tried."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Harewood, who did not like to find her little daughter so boastful, "I should not talk of winning the race, if I were you, until the slippers were finished. Gertrude has done very nearly as much as you, and may soon overtake you again, if she knows how to make the most of her time."

Emily winced a little under this remark. "Can 'redeeming the time' mean anything like making the most of it?" she thought, to herself as she took her seat at the dinner-table.

For a few days all went on well. Emily and Gertrude worked diligently at brother Sydney's slippers; but by-and-bye, when the novelty was worn away, Emily began to get tired of her task, and to invent all kinds of excuses for idling when the work-time came round.

"I am ever so much farther on than you, Gertie," she would say, "so I need not begin just yet," and then she would loiter about the room, strumming on the piano, or staring out of the window, while Gertrude stitched on steadily, and the time continued to fly quickly away.

There was a large swampy field on the opposite side of the road, before the windows, and here, in the frosty weather, large numbers of boys used to get together and make slides. While the boys were there, sliding, leaping, and having merry games, Emily could not tear herself from the window. There she stood, with her slipper in one hand, and her needle in the other, but she never so much as made a stitch, for her idle, curious eyes were all the time watching the boys at play in the field.

In this manner, it may be supposed that Gertrude, though a slow worker, soon overtook her sister.

One day, when the three weeks had nearly drawn to a close, the children were walking with their parents in the orchard, and admiring the rosy cheeks of the apples with which the boughs were laden.

"Do you know, Emily," said her father, as he took her hand, "that when I came to live here first, this pleasant orchard, so full of fruit and trees, was only a swampy field, like that one yonder, where the boys go to slide?"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Emily, "what did you do to it? How in the world did you turn it into an orchard?"

"It was bad land, certainly," answered Mr. Harewood, with a laugh; "but I redeemed it, and it was well worth the trouble."

"You redeemed it, papa?" said Emily, colouring slightly, as she looked up with an inquiring face.

"Yes; I mean, that though I found it lying waste—of no use at all—I determined to make the most of it; so I set hard to work, draining, and digging, and planting, and I think I succeeded—eh, Gertrude?"

he continued, turning to his other daughter. "Where could we get any apple tarts for dinner, if papa had not redeemed his waste field? If papa had been idle, the field could never have turned into an orchard."

The little girl said nothing, but looked across at her sister, to see if she were listening, for Gertrude began to think she had found out at last the meaning of the words, "redeeming the time."

Saturday evening came, and on Monday night the slippers must be finished and packed up; but poor Emily had allowed so much time to run to waste, that her share of the work was not yet nearly done.

Now both little girls had been invited to spend the following Monday with a school-fellow for a birthday feast, and Emily began to be sorely afraid she should be obliged to give up either the slipper or the party. She sighed, as she thought of all the time she had thrown away, while her sister was working, and wished very much to have one of those wasted hours back again; but, of course, an hour once gone, can never come back. At length, as she thought of these things, she began to cry, and her eyes were so blinded with tears, that she could not see where to put the stitches.

In this sad plight she was found by her mother; and Emily, in answer to her questions, gasped out all her sorrowful story between her sobs.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Harewood, kindly, "we must see what can be done to mend matters. Perhaps it may not yet be too late, if you work hard in the time that remains."

Emily looked up more hopefully.

"Do you remember all that papa told you, the other day, about turning his swampy field into an orchard?"

"Yes, mamma; why?" answered Emily, in surprise.

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Harewood, smiling, "I think if my little girl had been as careful of her time, as papa was of his swampy field, she would have her slipper finished now."

Upon this, Emily hung down her head, and again her eyes began to fill.

"I don't mean to scold you about it, my darling," continued her mother; "but I am anxious that this should be a lesson to you, not to be so wasteful of your time in future. I want you also to learn, how to make an orchard out of a swampy field, by turning spare hours to good account. Do you remember the verse you took so long to learn the other day?"

"Yes, mamma," answered Emily, in a low tone; "it was something about 'redeeming the time.'"

"Exactly so, my dear; and you will never forget what it means, if you think of the orchard. Just as papa redeemed his swampy field, and made good apple-trees grow in it, so you can redeem your idle time, by spending it usefully and well."

The little girl dried her tears. "I will waste no more hours," she said, brightly; "and perhaps the slipper may be finished in time, after all."

Emily was right. The slipper was finished; but she had to get up very early on Monday morning, and work away at it in the cold by candle-light, while Gertrude lay tucked up in the blankets, quietly asleep. But the work was finished, that was the grand thing, and there was no happier little girl at the birthday feast, than was Emily Harewood, who had had such trouble in learning how to "redeem her time."

#### KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 576.

"Get thee hence, Satan."—Matt. iv. 10.

1. G eshur .....	2 Sam. xiii. 38.
2. E tam .....	Judg. xv. 11, 13.
3. T innath .....	Judg. xiv. 1.
4. T hebez .....	Judg. ix. 50.
5. H elkath-hazzurim .....	2 Sam. ii. 16.
6. E thanim .....	1 Kings viii. 2.
7. E liakim .....	2 Kings xxiii. 34.
8. H anun .....	1 Chron. xix. 4.
9. E leazar .....	2 Sam. xxiii. 9.
10. N ob .....	1 Sam. xxi. 1.
11. C armi's .....	Josh. vii. 1.
12. E leazar .....	2 Sam. xxiii. 10.
13. S heshbazzar .....	Ezra v. 16.
14. A masa .....	2 Sam. xvii. 25.
15. T artah .....	Isa. xx. 1.
16. A hava .....	Ezra viii. 15.
17. N isroch .....	2 Kings xix. 37.

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Who to slay all the wise men had command?
2. Where Amaziah died in Judah's land.
3. Whose son was forced to yield his much-loved wife?
4. The place where Ahaziah lost his life.
5. Where Geshem wished the Tirshatha to meet.
6. The Ammonites laid presents at whose feet?
7. What Ammonite with Jabesh-gilead fought?
8. Who to take Israel from Omri sought?
9. Who of Paul's prison-bonds was not ashamed?
10. What king for great size and strength was famed?
11. Who left the poor of Israel in the land?
12. Where against Joshua did Og take stand?
13. Who went with Gideon down to Midian's host?
14. Who to his wives of murder made a boast?
15. Where Israel for three days in tents abode.
16. A queen whose eunuch through the desert rode.
17. What son of Baasha did Zimri slay,  
As drinking in his steward's house he lay?  
One fate alike awaits  
The Christian and his foe;  
To hell or heaven one gate there is:  
Through death we all must go.

#### SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

A PLACE WHICH WAS FROM JERUSALEM A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY.

1. One of the ingredients of the sacred censor.
2. The husband of a prophetess.
3. The daughter of Haran.
4. That to which our Lord compares himself.
5. One to whom the Israelites were in subjection eighteen years.
6. An orator.